

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

NO. 5.

THE JAGUAR.

BELOW we have a picture of a Jaguar springing from the branch of a tree on a band of wild horses passing underneath, evidently with the intention of fastening itself on the back of one of them. Once secure in that position the affrighted horse will, no doubt, fall an easy prey to its sharp teeth and strong claws. It is said, that this is a very common way for the Jaguar to secure its food, as it climbs with ease, and the pampas of South America where it is found, abound with herds of countless wild horses, who when thus attacked are no match for this savage creature.

The Jaguar is by many called the Ounce, whilst, from its fierce and destructive nature, it is sometimes styled the tiger or panther of the New World. It is a native of the warmest regions of South America. In size it is as large as a wolf, though some have been noticed that were much larger. It lives solely on prey, which not only consists of the larger domestic quadrupeds, as the horse and ox, but on smaller wild animals, as well as tortoises, birds, fish and turtles' eggs.

Its appearance has been thus described:—"Its ground color is a pale brownish yellow, variegated on the upper parts of the body with streaks and irregular oblong spots of black; the top of the back being marked with long uninterrupted stripes, and the sides with rows of

regular open marks. The thighs and legs are marked with full black spots; the breast and belly are whitish; the tail not so long as the body; the upper part marked with black spots, the lower with smaller ones."



You may notice that this description agrees with the appearance of the animal as shown in our engraving. Altogether it is not very unlike the wild cats of the Rocky Mountains, though considerably larger and of a different shade of color. In character and form, both animals are like the rest of the creatures of the cat tribe, vigorous and agile, with no extra flesh, but seemingly composed of bone, nerve, muscle and sinew. Though many animals, on which they prey excel them in fleetness, in consequence of having longer and more slender limbs, there are none which approach them in the power of leaping and bounding.

The Jaguar in appearance very much resembles the Leopard, the Panther and the Cheetah. A not over careful observer would easily mistake the one for the other; they are in fact all four large, savage, spotted cats, but the naturalist, and even the furrier knows

that they are four distinct species.

There is, however, a difference in the spots on the skin. Those on the body of the Jaguar are more like rosettes than spots. The black markings of the leopard and pan-

ther are also rosettes; that is, irregular black rings enclosing an open space of yellow ground. On the contrary, the spots on the Cheetah or hunting leopard are real spots, of a uniform black color; and, consequently, this animal is easily distinguished from the other three. Again its habits somewhat resemble those of the dog, and it might be consistently called the dog-eat or the cat-dog, whichever pleases you best. It is on account of its doglike qualities that it is sometimes trained for the chase, hence its name the Hunting-Leopard.

The Jaguar again is easily distinguished from the Leopard and Panther. Its rosettes have a black point in the centre, which the rings on the skin of the other animals have not. Besides, the Jaguar is a larger and more powerful animal. Humboldt, the great German traveler and philosopher, as well as others, observed specimens of the Jaguar, almost, if not quite as large as the royal tiger itself; and his feats of fierce prowess, in the forest of Spanish America, are scarcely eclipsed by those of the tiger in the jungles of Bengal. When very much pressed or very hungry it will attack human beings, and settlements have been abandoned by the timid inhabitants on account of the presence of Jaguars in the neighborhood.

A black Jaguar is also found in tropical America, just as there is a black panther in Asia. In neither case is it a different species, only a variety as regards color. In all other respects the black and yellow kinds are alike. Even on the dark skinned ones the spots may be observed in a certain light, being of a deeper hue than the general ground color of the skin.

The Jaguar is a great fisherman. His fishing tackle consists of his paws and his tail. When he has taken his post upon a fallen trunk over the water of the river he drops the tip of his tail into the water, to represent a nut or a fruit fallen from a tree; and when the turtle comes to the surface to procure the prize, the jaguar seizes him with one of his claws, and throws him out over the land. He then springs to the land himself, and holding the turtle down with one paw, he inserts the other between the upper and the under shell, and tears out the quivering flesh and limbs of his victim between them.

A TERRIBLE FIFTY MINUTES.

IN August, 1859, I arrived at Chamounix with one of my friends, a traveler like myself. For about five weeks we had been exploring Switzerland, so that we had had plenty of time to get used to snow and glaciers. We had made several ascents, one of 14,000 feet. I well remember the sensation I felt when I first saw one of those crevasses which seam the surface of the glaciers. Holding firmly by my guide's hand, I leaned over that yawning gulf, and tried to gaze down into its terrible depth. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to meet some 300 feet below, but I believe it was only the effect of perspective, the rent being probably prolonged as far as the solid rock.

"A man who falls there is certain never to come out alive," said one of my guides.

"True," replied the other; "but I knew one who was rescued. A narrow escape indeed it was; he still lives at Grindelwald. He is a chamois hunter; he was returning home, in descending the glacier he made a slip and fell into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting blocks of ice, which yielded, however, beneath his weight when he clung to them. When he reached the bottom, a distance of some hundred feet, he had a leg and an arm broken. Beneath the earth and the ice he found a hollow place into which a stream was running; crawling along,

suffering terrible pain, he followed the course of the water, and in three hours he was out of the glacier."

Crevasses vary in breadth from two to six feet at the mouth, but the sides approach rapidly as they descend, so that a man may find himself jammed in between two walls of ice a long time before he reaches the bottom, and then, it is possible to save him from a dreadful death. But generally the ropes are not long enough, and the traveler perishes of cold, or falls lower down into the crevasse during the hours which elapse while some of the party have gone to the nearest village to fetch longer ropes. Thus an unfortunate Russian nobleman perished in a glacier near Zermatt some years ago.

We had ascended the Brevent, we now had only the Mer de Glace and the Jardin to visit. We slept at the Montanvert in the solitary little inn at the foot of the glacier. Next morning we were up at dawn. Furnished with some provisions and two bottles of wine, we started with our guide. It was a splendid morning, and augured well for our excursion. For half an hour we followed a rough path which skirted the Mer de Glace, which displayed below us its surface riven with crevasses and covered with rocks and fragments. Our road ended at the glacier, upon which we now began to descend, and to traverse in zig-zags in the midst of the numerous fissures. The Mer de Glace is not considered dangerous and it is quite the exception to take axes and ropes, when crossing it. Alert and cheerful we hastened on without taking notice of the guide, who, some way behind, cried out to us several times to be cautious and wait for him. We were obliged at last to halt before a vast crevasse which barred up our passage. It opened with a length of some sixty yards, and ended upon our left in a slope of ice, somewhat steep, but which I thought I could easily mount. Using the iron spike of my alpenstock as a hatchet, I began to cut holes in the ice, large enough to put my feet in. At this moment our guide rejoined us. He looked at the slope and at the yawning crevasse below it, and said in a grave tone. "It is dangerous; let us go round it."

With the aid of my alpenstock I had already got half way up this icy hillock, and was now quite convinced that it was too steep and slippery to be crossed without an axe. The guide's warning confirmed my opinion. I resolved to retrace my steps. I was cautiously lowering my right leg, seeking for the hole that I had made in the ice; my foot passed it; I felt that I was sliding down; there was nothing rough to stop me, not the least projection by which I could hold myself in. The declivity became perpendicular, and I fell into the gulf.

I heard the cry of despair of my companions and my guide. My own sensations cannot be described. I was giddy and half stunned, sent backwards and forwards from one wall of ice to the other; I felt myself descending to a great depth, continued to be dashed to pieces to die by a horrible death. Suddenly something stopped me. I felt myself suspended. I took breath again, and could cry out, "A rope! a rope!"

By God's mercy I had fallen upon a narrow ledge of ice, which formed a sort of bridge across the crevasse. This frail support as far as I could judge, was about four inches broad and eighteen thick. My head hung from one side of it, my feet from the other. Instinctively and immediately, by what means I know not, I raised myself up and stood upright on this projection, where there was a hollow just large enough for me to plant one foot.

When I heard my companions say above me, "We never hoped to hear your voice again; trust in God and take courage. The guide has run to Montanvert to seek men and ropes; he will come back directly."

"If he is long," I replied, "I shall not come up alive."

My position was a terrible one, the thin ledge of ice was so narrow that I could not place both feet on it. I could only support myself on one leg, half resting against one of the ice walls, and pressing the other with my hand. The ice was smooth as a mirror; there was nothing to grasp. A stream of ice-water flowed down upon my shoulders, piercing me to the very bones; above my head I saw the long and narrow streak of the sky round which the mouth of the crevasse formed a frame. The ice, which was of darkest blue color, encircled me on all sides, looked threatening and gloomy. The two walls seemed as if they were about to meet in order to crush me, rather than to release their prey. Numerous water-courses streamed down their sides, but in this extent of more than sixty yards I could not see any other projection or obstacle except this ledge on which I had so miraculously fallen.

I risked looking, for one second only, down into the terrible abyss, above which I was suspended. At the spot where I was, the crevasse was not more than two feet wide; lower down it narrowed rapidly, and a hundred yards below the two sides appeared to touch each other. I believe if I had fallen but a very few inches on either side from the narrow bridge which had arrested me, I should have been buried and jammed up at a depth where no rope could have reached me. I had remained about twenty minutes in my perilous position, nerves and muscles stretched to the utmost to keep myself there, looking at the sky above my head and at the ice around me, but not daring again to glance into the gulf below. The blood was flowing from the wound I had received in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg, upon which fortunately I was not resting, was severely bruised, the left leg, however, pained by the effort of standing and the cold, was beginning to give way. It was impossible to change my position without the risk of losing my balance. The cold of the wall of ice against which I was resting more and more benumbed me, the water continued to fall, and I dared not stir.

I called my companion; no one replied. I called again. Nothing! Nothing! Not a human being within reach of my voice. I was seized with giddiness as a terrible thought crossed my brain.

"He has gone to see if the help is coming, and he cannot find the crevasse again; there are hundreds such—I am lost!"

I commended my soul to God. My strength was quite exhausted. I had never yet given up all hope. I was seized with a desire to let myself fall, and thus put an end to my agony.

At the critical moment I heard myself called. My friend had run to look for the guide, but when he wished to return he was horror-struck on perceiving that the surface of the glacier was rent by countless crevasses, all so similar that there was not a single sign by which he could recognize the abyss in which I was buried alive. In this cruel perplexity God guided him to see a little knapsack, which the guide had left at the edge of the gulf. I cried to him to look at his watch. Five minutes more had elapsed. The cold was becoming more and more intense, the blood was literally freezing in my veins. I called; I asked if there was any one in sight. The guide had started thirty-five minutes ago, and not a soul had yet appeared. It was scarcely probable that he could return so quickly, as we had taken three quarters of an hour to get to this spot, and he had to go and return.

I felt that I could not hold out much longer. The frail support on which my safety depended might yield at any moment and break beneath me. I remembered I had a

strong knife in my pocket, and I resolved to make use of it to draw myself out. I informed my companion of this project; he implored me to do nothing of the kind; but my situation had become intolerable. I made a notch in the ice, high enough for me to reach it, and large enough for me to insert my hand in it; then about two feet above the little bridge I dug out a hole sufficiently large for me to place my foot in it. I succeeded, and grasping these two points of support, my back resting with all my strength against the opposite wall, I was able to raise myself and keep myself firm in this new position. I descended again upon the bridge, and began another notch above the first. I flattered myself that I should thus be able to escape from my prison, but a single slip, a false step, would precipitate me into the abyss.

I was working diligently away at my second step, when I heard a joyous cry above me. "Here they are! Three men with ropes—they are running as fast as their legs can carry them."

I steadied myself as firmly as possible upon the narrow and slippery bridge, so as to be able to seize the rope they were about to lower, and tie it around me. I saw the end of it swinging about two yards above my head. "May God have mercy upon me! it is too short!"

"We have another!"

That was fastened to the first and let down. I seized the end of it. I bound it strongly around my waist, and grasping the rope with both hands I gave the signal for them to pull up.

They began—I was saved. A minute afterward I was standing on the glacier. I had passed fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had happily lost neither my confidence in God nor my presence of mind.

When I placed my feet upon firm ground again, an overpowering feeling of deep gratitude to the Almighty who had delivered me in so great a peril filled my breast; I fell on my knees and fainted. When I again became conscious, our party was preparing to start for the Montanvert. Before leaving I wished to cast one last look into the crevasse where I had nearly been buried alive. I saw how completely impossible it would have been for me to have got out of it as I had projected. The opening at the top was too wide to have allowed me as I reached it to lean against the opposite wall, and without that support the most agile of climbing animals would have found it impossible to scale this perpendicular wall of ice.

The guide had run to the inn, where he could not find a single rope suitable for the purpose. In despair he started for Chamounix; when on the way he met two muleteers. Their animals were laden with wood, tied on with ropes, which he implored them to give him to save a poor traveler who had fallen into a crevasse. These good people at once unloaded their mules, and came with the guide to my assistance. Tying them together—there were three—the ropes reached the depth of thirty to forty yards, where I had been arrested in my fall.

Assisted by my deliverers, I was able to reach Montanvert; where, in a good bed, and with my bruises attended to, I had leisure to dream about the danger from which I had escaped, and the remembrance of which often haunts me both sleeping and waking. I trust that future travelers, profiting by my experience, will not run the risk of penetrating those icy regions without providing themselves with axes and ropes, and especially with a firm confidence in God's goodness, the surest of supports, and the best safeguard here below.

BRAINS.—Says a modern philosopher, "People go according to their brains; if these lie in the head, they study; if in the stomach, they eat; if in their heels they dance."

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GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE of woman's chief attractions is modesty, and it is a quality that should be cultivated by the sex. Boys may be rude, boisterous and forward, and their conduct is disliked; but the exhibition of such conduct on the part of girls produces a very painful feeling, for the observer instantly perceives that they are exposed in a very serious manner; and that, if such manners are not corrected and improved, unhappiness must be the result. There is a class of men in the world who are ready to take advantage of those of the opposite sex whenever they have an opportunity to do so; if they receive the slightest encouragement, either by look, word or act, they are ready to avail themselves of it. There are some of this class in this city, and before the season is over more may be likely to come. Our young girls cannot be too careful about making acquaintances. In all good society strangers are never received on the footing of acquaintances, unless their characters are known and they come recommended by letters of introduction; but in the guilelessness of many of our people and especially of our young people, they imagine that every man who dresses well and speaks smoothly, is of necessity a gentleman and a man to be trusted. This is a very incorrect and dangerous idea; for the greatest villains frequently assume the most specious and plausible appearance. None but an excellent judge of human nature, and one who has had great familiarity with the world is able to detect such persons' real character, and frequently they are deceived.

When we see our girls making free with strangers, men who have only been here a few days or weeks, and associating with them as though they were old acquaintances, we feel to pity them, for they are in danger of being deceived and entrapped. No gentleman will seek the society of ladies without proper introductions, and bringing evidence to prove that he is what he represents himself to be. In good society in other cities adventurers find it difficult to gain admittance to the family circle or to the society of young ladies; and certainly among us there should be, if possible, greater strictness upon these points than elsewhere.

We hope our young people will bear this in mind, and that our young ladies will repel the advances of men with whom they are not acquainted and of whose past career they are ignorant.

We have had in past years an abundant experience in these points; men have come here to spend a winter or a summer; they have been introduced to families and by their specious manners and address have won the good feelings of one or other of the young lady members thereof, and in some instances have married them, and after a few months have elapsed have deserted their wives. Such lessons should not be lost upon us.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

WHILE the Prophet Joseph was gathering up the Elders of Israel to go up to Missouri to assist the brethren who had been driven from Jackson county, Brother Brigham was preaching and laboring for the support of his family. He, himself, also made his calculations upon going up in that company. One day he and his brother Joseph met the Prophet Joseph, and the conversation turned upon the subject of the Camp of Zion going up to Missouri. He said to them: "Brother Brigham and Brother Joseph, if you will go with me in the Camp to Missouri and keep my counsel, I promise you, in the name of the Almighty, that I will lead you there and back again, and not a hair of your heads shall be harmed." At this they gave their hands to the Prophet to confirm the covenant. On the 7th and 8th of May the Camp organized, and on the latter day started on its journey. On the 23rd of June the Camp arrived at Rush Creek, Clay county, Missouri. About seventy of the brethren had been attacked with cholera, and eighteen of them died.

The Prophet Joseph called the members of the Camp together, and told them if they would humble themselves before the Lord, and covenant that they would from that time forth obey his counsel, that the plague should be stopped from that very hour, and there would not be another case in camp; whereupon the brethren with uplifted hands covenanted that they would from that very hour hearken to his counsel and obey his word, and the plague was stayed according to the words of the Lord through his servant.

The Camp having accomplished the labors assigned it, Brother Brigham, accompanied by his brother Joseph and several other brethren, started for home on the 4th of July. They arrived at Kirtland in August, having walked all the way. The round trip of about 2,000 miles had been performed on foot in a little over three months, averaging forty miles a day while traveling.

During the Fall and Winter Brother Brigham dwelt in Kirtland, and was occupied in quarrying rock, working on the Temple and finishing off the printing office and school-room. On the 14th of February, 1835, he was called to be one of the Twelve Apostles. The Twelve were selected in the following order—Lyman E. Johnson, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Luke Johnson, David W. Patten, William E. McLellan, John F. Boynton, William Smith, Orson Pratt, Thomas B. Marsh and Parley P. Pratt. From this time forward until the death of the Prophet Joseph the duties of his apostleship claimed all Brother Brigham's attention. When not on missions preaching the gospel he was laboring at home in the ministry, standing by and sustaining the Prophet Joseph to the extent of his faith, influence and means. His public duties were important and numerous, yet he sustained himself and family by his own exertions. He was a wise, economical manager, and the Lord blessed him in providing for his own household and in rendering aid to others and to the work.

Upon returning from one of his missions in the Eastern States Brother Brigham found that the spirit of speculation, disaffection and apostasy imbibed by many of the Twelve Apostles, and which ran through all the quorums of the Church, prevailed so extensively that many were bewildered, and it was difficult for any to see clearly the path to pursue. Those were days when men and women

needed revelation from the Lord to guide them in the right course. Without it they would be confused; for the leading elders of the Church joined in denouncing Joseph as a fallen prophet; and how could the people decide who were the servants of God unless He, by His Spirit, told them? In his history Brother Brigham describes one scene, which occurred at this time, in which he was a prominent actor. It clearly exhibits the condition of feeling which prevailed among the men who had been most intimately connected with the Prophet. We give it in President Young's own language:

"On a certain occasion several of the Twelve, the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and others of the Authorities of the Church, held a council in the upper room of the Temple. The question before them was to ascertain how the Prophet Joseph could be deposed, and David Whitmer, appointed President of the Church, Father John Smith, brother Heber C. Kimball and others were present, who were opposed to such measures. I rose up, and in a plain and forcible manner told them that Joseph was a Prophet, and I knew it, and that they might rail and slander him as much as they pleased, they could not destroy the appointment of the Prophet of God, they could only destroy their own authority, cut the thread that bound them to the Prophet and to God, and sink themselves to hell. Many were highly enraged at my decided opposition to their measures, and Jacob Bump (an old pugilist) was so exasperated that he could not be still. Some of the brethren near him put their hands on him, and requested him to be quiet; but he writhed and twisted his arms and body saying, "How can I keep my hands off that man?" I told him if he thought it would give him any relief he might lay them on. This meeting was broken up without the apostates being able to unite on any decided measures of opposition. This was a crisis when earth and hell seemed leagued to overthrow the Prophet and Church of God. The knees of many of the strongest men in the Church faltered."

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

RECOLLECTIONS.

HYRUM Smith, the Patriarch, married Jerusha Barden, Nov. 2, 1826. They had six children, viz. Lovina, Mary, John, Hyrum, Jerusha and Sarah. Mary died very young, and her mother died soon after the birth of her daughter Sarah. Hyrum, the second son, died in Nauvoo in 1842, aged eight years. The Patriarch married his second wife, Mary Fielding, in the year 1837, she entering upon the important duty of step-mother to five children, which task she performed under the most trying and afflictive circumstances with unwavering fidelity. She had two children, Joseph and Martha. Thus you see, Hyrum Smith the Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was really a polygamist, many years before the revelation on Celestial marriage was written, though perhaps about the time it was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, not exactly in the sense in which the word is generally used, for both his wives were not living together on the earth, still they were both alive, for the Spirit never dies, and they were both his wives, the mothers of his children. Marriage is ordained of God, and when performed by the authority of His Priesthood, is an ordinance of the everlasting Gospel, and is not therefore a legal contract merely, but pertains to time and to all eternity to come, therefore it is written in the Bible, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

There are a great many men who feel very bitter against the Latter day Saints, and especially against the doctrine of plural marriage, who have married one or more wives after the death of their first, that, had their marriages been solemnized in the manner God has prescribed, and by His authority, they themselves would be polygamists, for they, as we, firmly believe in the immortality of the

soul, professing to be Christians and looking forward to the time when they will meet in the Spirit world their wives and the loved ones that are dead. We can imagine the awkward situation of a man, not believing in polygamy, meeting two or more wives with their children in the Spirit world, each of them claiming him as husband and father! "But," says one, "how will it be with a woman who marries another husband after the death of her first? She will be the wife of the one to whom she was married for time and eternity. But if God did not "join them together," and they were only married by mutual consent until "death parted them," their contract or partnership ends with death, and there remains but one way for those who died without the knowledge of the gospel to be united together for eternity. That is, for their living relatives or friends to attend to the ordinances of the gospel for them. "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" therefore, marriage ordinances must be attended to here in the flesh. Hyrum Smith, however, was a polygamist before his death, he having had several women sealed to him by his brother Joseph, some of whom are now living.

At the death of the Patriarch, June 27th, 1844, the care of the family fell upon his widow, Mary Smith. Besides the children there were an old lady, named Hannah Grinnels, who had been in the family many years; another old lady named Margaret Brysen; and a younger one, named Jane Wilson, who was troubled with fits and otherwise afflicted, and was, therefore, very dependent; and an old man named George Mills, who had also been in the family eleven years, almost entirely blind and very crabbed; these and others, some of whom had been taken care of by the Patriarch out of charity, were members of the family, and remained with them until after they arrived in the valley. "Old George," as he was sometimes called, had been a soldier in the British army, never had learned to read or write; and, therefore, often acted upon impulse more than from the promptings of reason, which made it difficult sometimes to get along with him; but because he had been in the family so long—through the troubles of Missouri and Illinois, and had lost his eye-sight, the effect of brain fever and inflammation, caused by taking cold while in the pineries, getting out timbers for the temple at Nauvoo; widow Smith bore patiently all his peculiarities up to the time of her death. Besides those I have mentioned, Mercy R. Thompson, sister to widow Smith, and her daughter, and Elder James Lawson were also members of the family.

On or about the 8th of September, 1846, the family, with others, were driven out of Nauvoo by the threats of the mob, and camped on the banks of the Mississippi river just below Montrose. There they were compelled to remain two or three days, in view of their comfortable home just across the river, unable to travel for the want of teams, while the men-folks were preparing to defend the city against the attack of the mob. They were thus under the necessity of witnessing the commencement of the memorable "battle of Nauvoo;" but, before the cannonading ceased, they succeeded in moving out a few miles, away from the dreadful sound of it, where they remained until they obtained, by the change of property at a great sacrifice, teams and an outfit for the journey through Iowa to the Winter Quarters of the Saints, now Florence, in Nebraska. Arriving at that point late in the Fall, they were obliged to turn out their work animals to pick their living through the Winter, during which some of their cattle, and eleven out of their thirteen horses died, leaving them very destitute of teams in the Spring.

[To be continued.]

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

CHLORIDES.—NO. 2.

THE "salt of the lake" is a very pure chloride of sodium; remarkably so. We have been favored with analyses by many eminent chemists. So excellent is our salt that it is now "shipped" to other countries. Its preservative powers are among the ordinary proofs of its integrity; and occasionally its formation, when crystallized. When salt is mixed up with foreign ingredients, it is liable to decomposition, when used for preserving purposes, and it will not crystallize in the regular form, which is cubic, or some simple modification of that form. Our salt has attracted the notice of very distinguished men on account of its beauty of structure, that is, its perfectability of form. Clusters of cubic crystals are found on the margin of the lake that have taken the most fantastic shapes when crystallized spontaneously.

What is the reason the salt crystallizes? The salt is carried down to the lake in the waters that supply it. Common salt dissolves in cold water quite as well as it does in hot, a remarkable fact, well worth treasuring in memory by the juvenile student, for many wonderful results in the chemistry of animals are a consequence of this peculiarity. Well, the salt pours into the lake in solution. Evaporation is constantly going on from the surface of the lake, as it is from all exposed fluid surfaces. The continual addition of chloride of sodium causes the waters always to be *saturated*, that is, as should be remembered by the student, "as much as it can hold in solution." There may probably be another reason; other salts besides the chloride of sodium are constantly passing into the lake by the same streams that bring that down. These salts are precipitated, having common salt in a super-saturated state of solution, so that the moment any reduction of water takes place by evaporation, salt (Na. Cl.) must be formed, that is, it must assume the solid state. Now this is done very regularly, and frequently *slowly*; this enables the salt to take its proper form. When the process is very gradually conducted, the crystals are not only cubic, but in a large form, some of this kind are preserved in the Museum; and in our great National Institution, the "Smithsonian," at Washington.

Now this salt is likely to become a constantly increasing source of revenue to us, for it is of great value in the arts, as well as for domestic purposes. It contains a very pure chloride; when we reflect that 60 per cent. of that is chlorine, and, consequently, 40 per cent. of the metal sodium, we may see its importance when we become a manufacturing people!

But what is the metal sodium, the metal that burns so readily in oxygen that it has to be kept in naphtha, a liquid that contains no oxygen, to prevent its taking fire? With sulphuric acid this metal is "Glauber's salts." By heating chloride of sodium with sulphuric acid, this is obtained; at the same time hydrochloric acid is disengaged, which can be utilized. By the agency of the water in the sulphuric acid this is produced. Here is the process: $S\ 30$, $H\ O$ plus $Na. Cl.$ equals $S\ 30$. plus $Na. O$ plus $Cl. H$. Sodium therefore simply *takes the place* of hydrogen in the hydrated sulphuric acid; while the hydrogen combines with chlorine, and can be collected by proper apparatus.

This element, chlorine, is of great importance in making

lime into bleaching powder; and for many other purposes that will necessitate our taking, at least, another opportunity to say something about the "chlorides."

BETH.

APOSTASY AND TREASON.

(Continued.)

SO angry were they at being foiled in their attempt to take the first city, that the chief captains swore that they would take vengeance upon the people of Noah and wipe them out. Up to this time they did not seem to have any conception of the preparations which had been made by Moroni to defend his people. It was true one city had been fortified; but they supposed the city of Noah would fall an easy prey to them. Moroni, however, had laid his plans excellently. He had an idea that in case of war the Lamanites would make an attempt to capture the first city, and that, surprised at the preparations made there to repel them, they would abandon their design of attacking it, and march in the direction of the city of Noah; for the apostates were aware of its former weakness. He had, therefore, taken extra pains in securing it, and had placed in command there, one of his best officers, a man whose very name was a terror to the Lamanites.

Had they not taken the oath that they would destroy the city of Noah, it is probable they would have hesitated about attacking it also; but they felt bound by their oath; therefore they laid siege to it. The attack upon the city was a most vigorous one; but what availed numbers in such a warfare? The Nephites had every advantage; they were sheltered and well-armed, and they inflicted dreadful slaughter upon the Lamanites. The leading officers of the Lamanites were determined to conquer, and maddened by the loss of their men, they led them forward, exposing themselves fearlessly to the arrows and darts of the Nephites until there was scarcely one of them left. When their chief officers were slain, the rank and file retreated, leaving behind them large numbers of their dead. They never stopped their retreat until they reached their own country; and communicated their want of success to the king.

Amalickiah was dreadfully enraged when he learned of the defeat and loss which his army had sustained. He cursed and raved, going so far even as to curse God, and also Moroni, and swearing with an oath that he would drink Moroni's blood. He did not deem it prudent, however, to attempt to raise any more soldiers to continue the war at that time. But he never forgot his oath, and he resolved to fulfil it upon the first favorable opportunity. About five years had rolled away, during which time he arranged affairs so much to his satisfaction that he thought himself justified in declaring war and marching against the Nephites. He had succeeded in collecting an immense army, and this time he accompanied it himself. He entered the Nephite country at a time when Moroni was engaged in putting down dissensions and civil war among his people, and he was successful in capturing a number of cities. He assailed only the weakest places and avoided those which were strongly fortified and well defended.

One of Moroni's chief officers was a man named Teancum, a very skillful general, and a man who was perfectly willing if necessary to sacrifice his life for the good of his country. Teancum was in command of a picked body of men, and as Amalickiah was pursuing his career of victory, and marching to the north with the intention of getting possession of a very valuable portion of the country, he met him and a pitched battle ensued, in which

Teancum and his men were victorious. They fought until it was dark and then camped. After nightfall, Teancum accompanied by one of his men, crept into the camp of Amalickiah, which he found unguarded. The Lamanites had fought hard and were very fatigued, and probably thinking that Teancum and his men were quite as tired as they were, and that they had nothing to fear from them that night, they had resigned themselves to sleep. But Teancum was a sleepless, vigilant soldier. He well knew what a great villain he had to contend with—a man whose sole aim was to conquer and destroy; an apostate, a traitor and a murderer; and we cannot be surprised that he did not feel like sleeping that night. He went through the Lamanite camp until he came to the tent of Amalickiah, and there lay the deadly enemy of his people and country, the tyrant whose avowed object it was to crush all liberty and to lord it over the land. How easy it was to kill the author of all this war and bloodshed! Teancum did not hesitate. He threw his javelin, it entered Amalickiah's heart, and he died so quickly that he did not make sufficient noise to awaken his servants. Teancum and his companion then quietly left the camp and succeeded in getting back to their own quarters without being discovered or disturbing the Lamanites. Thinking they might awake and discover their loss, Teancum aroused his men and made every preparation to resist any attack that might be made; but the Lamanites slept on unconscious of the visitors there had been in their camp, until morning. Then finding their king dead, they became frightened and abandoned their design of marching to the north and retreated into one of the cities which they had captured, and sought protection behind its fortifications.

This was the end of Amalickiah, an ambitious, bad man, who to gratify his lust for power broke every covenant, betrayed every trust, and forswore his religion and his country. How little do men know when they forsake God and deny His truth what their future conduct may be! We have no account of the early life of Amalickiah, and, therefore, do not know what his standing among the people was. It is probable, however, that so active and energetic a man as he was after he became an apostate, might have been, when in good standing in the Church, a zealous, persevering man. The qualities which when he became an apostate rendered him so infamous, would if properly exercised while he was a member of the Church, have made him famous. It seems from the record that he was a man of some note, and was rich; for it was an apostasy of the rich and aristocratic which he led, and it was this class which desired him to be a king. They were office-holders, judges, &c. and like himself, they sought power. To become rulers they were willing to trample upon every right of the people, and even to kill those who opposed them in their schemes. There had likely been a time when Amalickiah was the joy of his parents and they had entertained bright hopes for his future; but he had indulged in pride; prosperity and riches were too strong for him; from one sin he had been led to another, until he became utterly hardened in his heart, rebelled against the priesthood and fought against the Church. Then his descent to the extreme depths of wickedness was very rapid. The oath which he swore, after the defeat of the first army which he sent against the Nephites, to the effect that he would drink the blood of Moroni, illustrates his savage and murderous character after he submitted himself to be guided by the evil one.

What an impressive warning does the history of such a man convey to the Latter-day Saints! Children, you should never forget it. Shun every evil thought, word and act; cherish the Holy Spirit, make it your guide, and thus avoid apostasy.

(To be continued.)

CELESTIAL COSTUMES.

A CHINESE lady—that is, a small or bound-footed woman—may wear the most elegant clothing. Her outer garment is called a *sang*; it is a loose garment buttoned up the right side, and extending below the knee. It is often made of handsome silk or satin, sometimes very handsomely embroidered. She also wears a scarlet under-shirt, coming below the *sang* down to the scarlet pantalets, and both skirt and pantalets are handsomely embroidered in many-colored silks and gold. The prevailing colors for the upper garments at Foo-Chow, are black, dark-blue, purple, and sometimes drab, while the under-skirt and pantalets are scarlet. In winter the outer garment is sometimes lined with fur, but the fur is always worn as lining, not outside. In summer the Chinese lady very generally wears white muslin or silk gown, bound or trimmed with black muslin or satin. Her sleeves are rather full, and when she calls upon you, she keeps her hands clasped meekly before her, excepting when she examines your clothing, which she does without any hesitation.

I wish that I could describe the style of the Chinese ladies' hair. It is very elaborate, and is certainly far more becoming than the present style of American ladies. The hair is so thoroughly oiled that it is very glossy and keeps its place. It would be useless to attempt a full description of it, but it is brought low down on the neck, though not touching the neck, and then spread into a sort of fan or wing shape, and held in place by gold clasps or pins. A very elegant band, ornamented with gold and pearls, is often worn on the head just above the forehead. Flowers are universally worn. They may be either natural or artificial. They are fastened to long pins and put in the back hair, extending out several inches from each side of the head.

A full-dressed Chinese lady would be something for any one of my readers to see. What with her wide-spreading train, adorned with gold, precious stones with flowers; her heavy gold ear-rings, with jade stone pendants; the heavy embroidered *sang* of satin over which and around the neck hangs a long string of perfumed beads; the gayly embroidered red underskirt and pantalets; the tiny feet in two-inch satin shoes; the small-formed hands, two or three fingers of which have the very finish of aristocracy—i. e., nails an inch or two long, in gold or silver sheaths; the gold or jade bracelets on the wrists; the cheeks and lips painted red, face powdered, eyebrows shaven straight—altogether, the lady before us is very gorgeous in her get-up, and not unhandsome, if I except the poor little feet so wofully mis-shaped. Such is a lady in China adorned with silk, satin, and jewels, but generally unable to read a word, secluded from the world, married to a man she never saw until bound to him for life, unless he choose to set her aside; shut up in small cheerless rooms, having none of the comforts of our home. She is the slave of her husband and his immediate relatives.—*Selected.*

THE STORY OF A HAT.

THE following incident in the life of Elder Thomas Phillips of Scipio, showing how mindful the Lord is of His servants, even in what we may deem small things, will doubtless be perused with interest by our Juveniles. We give in Brother Phillips' own words.

"I have witnessed the providences of the Lord in various ways, whilst traveling without purse and scrip,

preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, and have realized that to such, when faithful, the Lord has manifested his loving kindness, and that His watchful care over them is sensible to their understanding.

"One item although it may appear small is of particular interest to me. It is as follows: I was traveling in the towns and villages in a part of the county of Surrey, England, preaching the gospel as revealed from the Heavens through the ministry of holy beings. Under these circumstances, food and raiment were sometimes hard to obtain; consequently at one time I had a hat that was very much the worse for wear. In a village called Hersham, in that county, lived a brother by the name of William Hobbs, whose house I sometimes visited and received food and lodging. One night Bro. Hobbs dreamt that a personage came to him and told him that Brother Phillips would be at his house on a certain day, naming the time, which I think was four or five days from the time he dreamt; he was further told, that he must get a new hat for Bro. Phillips; for the one he wore was very shabby.

"This dream was very much impressed on the mind of Bro. Hobbs, and troubled him sorely, for it found him without money and some miles from any town where he could buy a hat. Bro. Hobbs was the overseer of a small number of men, whose work was to keep some miles of railroad in repair for the safety of the trains. When the day came that I was to be at his house in the evening, he went to his work very low-spirited, not having obtained the hat. While at work on the track, a long train of cars came along, and when passing the place where Bro. Hobbs and his hands were at work, a hat, suitable for the finest gentleman in the land flew out of one of the windows. Brother Hobbs shouted 'that's the hat for Brother Phillips, thank God.' When Bro. Hobbs came home in the evening, I was there, it being the time specified in the dream. He walked up to me and said:

"Brother Phillips, I was to give you a new hat, and here it is."

"To our surprise it fitted me well. As a matter of course I was very anxious to know who was so thoughtful for an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and in answer to my questions Brother Hobbs told me the dream. Then I knew and I still know that the providences of our Heavenly Father were and are working in favor of the servants and Saints of the Most High. It is good for all Saints to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things, for all is necessary so that we may gain experience to successfully battle with the opposing elements that we have to meet while traveling the narrow path that leads to patience, integrity, purity and holiness, and into the presence of our Father and God."

NEWS OF SPRING.

O, I've had news of Spring, to-day!
It came in the oddest, funniest way—
You couldn't guess in ever so long;
You might try and try, and still be wrong.
I was sleeping as sound as sound could be,
When a black crow flew to the nearest tree;
The air was cold and wet with sleet,
The ground lay white beneath his feet,
But don't you think, this dear old crow
Had come from the south, where there is no snow,
To wake me with his loud "Caw! caw!"
Which means, they say, it's going to thaw;
Then flew away on his tireless wing;
He'd told me all he knew of Spring.

Original Poetry.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY MISS JULIA DRUCE.

How pleasant and bright!
What a beautiful sight!
To see children, in Sunday School, trying,
To learn all they may,
On the Lord's holy day,
Of his goodness, and mercies undying.

Tho' rude children play,
In the streets, on the day
Which the Lord has said, should be kept holy;
Let good children try
Their young minds to employ
In a School, if 'tis ever so lowly.

With hearts that are light,
And with faces so bright,
Ev'ry one should be seen in their places;
And when they go home,
Or wherever they roam,
They will think of their teachers' kind faces.

In future years, some
May be called, far from home
To go preaching, in lands, among strangers
Perhaps; then they'll find
Their past lessons will bind
Their hearts in the right path, among dangers.

And so on through life,
'Mid the cares, and the strife,
That all, may find strewn in their pathway;
How pleasant to look
Back in memory's book,
To those precepts they heard every Sunday!

GETTING UP STAIRS.

Hil! the baby is getting up stairs,
One step, two steps, three steps, slow.
Down she comes with a thump, thump, thump,
Mamma kisses the little, blue bump.
Higher next time will the baby go,
Mother's love watches her, high or low.

Life's a continual climbing of stairs;
What if too eager ones tumble and fall?
Up again, try again, wiser each time,
Safely at last shall the brave feet climb.
Fear not to follow the rallying call,
God's dear love watches over us all.

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